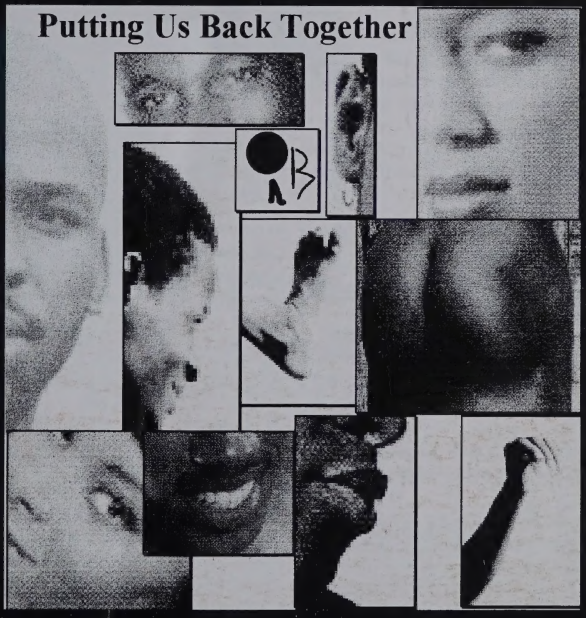
Embracing ourselves and empowering our communities.

Out in Black

A collection of images, thoughts and ideas of people of color "In The Life."

Vol. 3.2 Mar/Apr'98 $4



DEAR MELVIN

Dear Melvin, I'm a 32yr. old black gay male. I have been celibate for a long time now. I've been traveling a very long and lonely road these past few years; sexually it's been very difficult for me since I don't like masturbating.

After many years of not being involved in a relationship, I feel now is the time for me to find that special someone to settle down with. My only problem is that I'm not sure how to or where to begin. What should I do? Help!

Struggling,
Kinston, NC.

Dear Struggling,

Don't try too hard to find someone because you may end up getting hurt. Right now you're very vulnerable and lonely; take your time, go out more and start enjoying life.

It appears to me that you're living a life of a hermit. Staying to yourself most of the time and not socializing with anyone. Get out of the house more. Mr. right is not going to come knocking at your door. Another piece of advise- you need to release yourself sexually - too much sexual frustration can lead to problems down the road!

Melvin.

Dear Melvin,

I have a big problem. My lover and I just got together. We have a great relationship, except for the fact that he's a top and I'm a bottom. In the past, my sexual experiences, I have been with men with small or average penises. Being penetrated was very pleasurable and pain-free.

My new lover is very big, we are very sexual and he wants to have anal intercourse all the time. We do experiment and do other things, but when he penetrates me it hurts! We have tried lube, poppers, enemas and anal plugs. What else is on the market to help ease and relax me for my lover to penetrate me?

Sincerely,
Big Problem in Raleigh.

Dear Big Problem, I had to turn this one over to the Sex Doctor.

Melvin

Dear Big Problem,

You are going about it all wrong. Running to stores will not solve your problem, it could tend to make it worse by adding more pressure on to perform. First, I suggest that you change your frame of mind and view this as a challenge instead of a problem. This will help to prepare you mentally and allow you to become relax more. The ass hole is formed by muscles that are very flexible and can accommodated uncommonly large items(within reason) if stretched regularly.

Second, try as many different positions as possible until you find one that is comfortable for you. Remember do not allow yourself to feel pressured because it will prevent you from relaxing.

Stop wasting your money and time with the enemas and butt plugs unless you just enjoy them. They will not help you accomplish your task because they are constant reminders of your problem and that adds more pressure.

Instead try a natural and a more sensible approach, like try adding longer touching sessions into your lovemaking. Put on some music, get some exotic oils(not cooking), lotions and lubricants. Burn scented candles and have that man rub you up and down, until you are completely relaxed and aroused. Then say to yourself " I think I can, I think I can - I know I can, I know I can - I want to, I want to!" Then put a rubber on that dick and just ride it on home! Remember – Practice, Practice, Practice.

Sex Doctor.

If you have a question, problem, concern or would just like to respond. Write to: Dear Melvin or Dear Sex Doctor (for sexual issues) P.O. Box 46663 Raleigh, NC 27620 or Email: Jd2hard@aol.com

As The OiB Turns

by John D. Hardy – Editor & Publisher

When we last left you, Andrew joined the staff as the new Managing Editor of OiB. And my biggest fear came true. After trusting him with all of OiB submissions, contacts and other info. He resigned about one week before the print date and left town without returning all of OiB's property. Once again putting OiB's reputation endanger and forcing me to apologize for any inconvenience, again.

I'm really sad to see him go, even-though he left me high and dry and at the last moment. There was a time when I would have not understood, gotten very pissed off and wanted to kick his ass, but I've grown since then. Damn, it seems like every issue – some new drama.

Now, don't get me wrong. While Andrew was apart of OiB he did a great job for this publication and for his contributions to OiB I'm very grateful. I want to publicly thank him for his work and forgive him for the inconveniences he caused. I wish him the best!

"But the show must go on."

In a true crises you find out who you can rely on and I'm so proud of the staff of OiB. They stepped up and gladly asked, "What do you need us to do?". OiB is stronger than ever and is now being sold in 15 retail outlets around the country, with projections to more than double that amount by our next issue. We have also just opened up a new marketing division to provide you access to specialty item that may be difficult to locate. We are continuing to grow and I'm glad you are along for the ride.

If you want to contribute to OiB - come correct and come prepared. If you feel that your views are not represented, it's because you are not contributing. It is very disharting when your brothers and sisters attempt to undermine OiB while personally praising it's efforts. Please be sure that read "***Why black folk treat each other like dat?"*** in this issue. It will enlighten you. Love Ya, Always.....

In the next segment of As The OiB turns: Will OiB survive with out Andrew. Can John make the new marketing division successful.. What new drama next issue or will John just say Fuck it and return to carefree life of lust and love... stay tuned for another episode of As The OiB Turns.

OiB-online

http://www4.ncsu.edu/eos/users/j/jdhardy/public/OiB.html

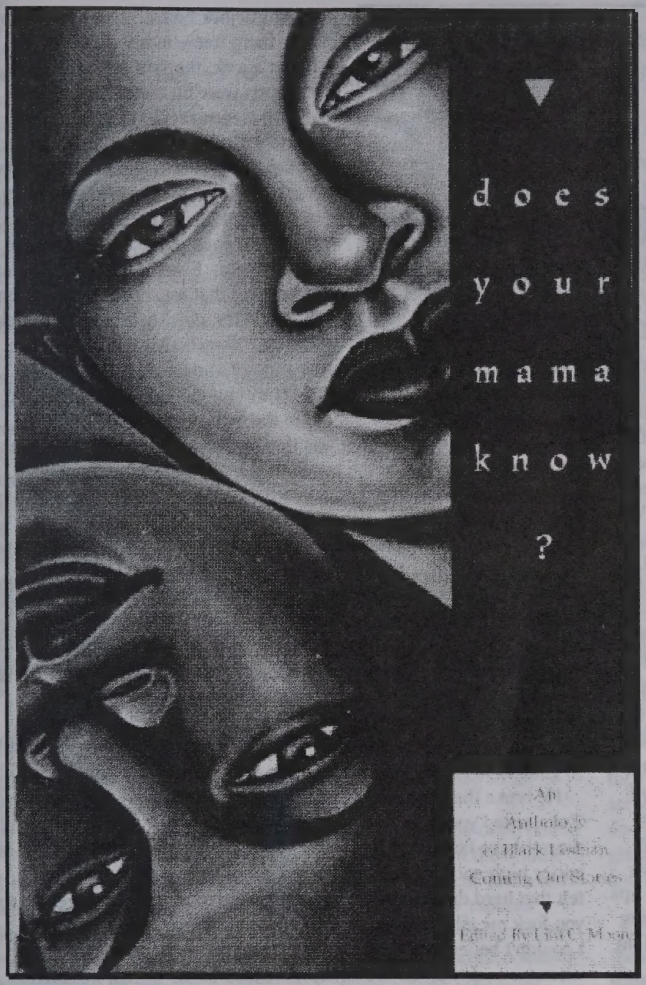
A People of Color *In The Life* Unity Conference

Celebrating Ourselves and Empowering our Communities.

This conference will be a first for North Carolina and is tentatively proposed for July'98. Plans for a poetry slam, art exhibit, film fest, a market place, guest speakers and various workshops. To make this conference a success we need everyone's input and involvement. Please lets get past the petty issues and come together and start something special. This is only in the idea stage nothing is set in stone, so don't feel left out. Your involvement is welcome and needed, this can not and will not happen without your support. If you would like to be on the planning committee, volunteer, propose or lead a workshop/discussion, donate or show a film, exhibit your art, sale your products, and or be a sponsor. Contact (919) 873-3025.. Please - come correct & come strong. No bull-shiters needed....

OiB People's Choice Community Service Awards

To be held in conjunction with the conference. If you know of someone deserving of recognition please submit there name and why. To OiB PCCSA - P.O. Box 46663 Raleigh, NC. 27620



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"does your mama know?"

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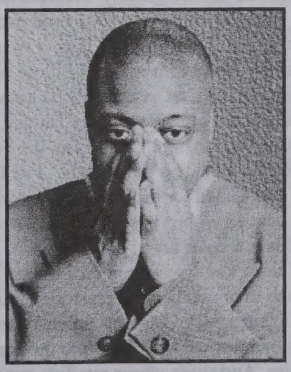
******* Contact us if you have a product or service that you would like sale through our Marketing division.***

Black Literary Stars James Earl Hardy & Lisa Moore Comes to Raleigh.

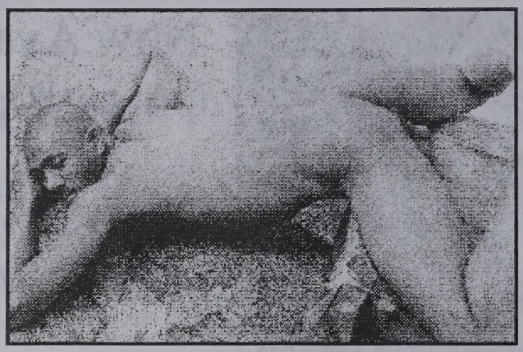


Celebrating White Rabbit's 15th anniversary of gay & lesbian bookselling in North Carolina with a series of readings and signings at the Raleigh White Rabbit during April & May of this year. James Earl Hardy author of "B-Boy Blues" & "If Only for One Night" and Lisa Moore the Editor of "does your mama know?" are scheduled for 7:00pm Saturday, May 2 and May 9 respectively. At White Rabbit Books Raleigh. For Inf.: 919-856-1429 (Raleigh). OiB Thanks John Neal of the White Rabbit Books & Things, for his continued non-pressured commitment to diversity and respect for the economic power of black people "in the life."

Safe Sex Is The Best Sex..Safe Sex Is The Best Sex..Safe Sex Is The Best Sex..Safe Sex Is The Best Sex..
Safe Sex Is The Best Sex.. Safe Sex Is The Best Sex.. Safe Sex Is The Best Sex.. Safe Sex Is The Best Sex..

Wrestling Meat

by T Leroy



At 18, I was always horny. As a matter of fact, since I had turned 13, I couldn't remember a day I wasn't. I had to beat my meat at least four times a day just to keep it down. But no matter how many times I did it, like every other dude my age, my dick had a mind of its own. I had gotten used to it always being in the state of semi-arousal. My problem was hiding it. It's not easy when you're packing eleven thick inches of hard manmeat.

It seemed to get hard at the most inopportune moments. Like clockwork, teachers would call me when I got a hardon. Try walking to the front of the class with a small tree limb down your pants. But today was my worst experience yet. I still can't believe it happened. Right in the middle of gym class, in front of everybody. Why there? Anywhere but gym. I can still see them laughing and pointing. Why me? How could my dick betray me like that? But my worst thought was not about me, but was what was Devonte thinking? After all, it was Devonte I was wrestling with when my dick got hard. I should have known something would happen when Coach Thomas paired me with him to wrestle. The mere mention of mis name got my juices flowing.

I had lusted after Devonte from the first time I saw him in the eighth grade. We were both running down the hall and collided with each other. Devonte got up first and held out his hand to help me up. 'Sorry man. I didn't see you comin'.' I was about to answer when I found myself face to face with the prettiest set of light brown eyes I had ever seen. His sexy eyes were framed by long black eyelashes. His jet black hair was neatly cornrowed (his trademark) and hung down past his shoulders. He was about the same height as me, but was a bit bigger. He had a sweet babyface with a set of big, juicy lips. Staring at him made my dick rockhard. Before I could say anything he was squatting to get my books. His eyes couldn't miss the outline of my hard dick.

Over the next five years, we became fairly good friends. Dating that time he dated regularly. Sometimes he'd asked me to double date. I usually came up with a good excuse. I just couldn't imagine watching him with someone else. I would go home and jack off, fantasizing about him wrapping those big, juicy lips around my pole or plugging his phat ass. If only he knew how many nuts I had busted thinking about him. He was my fantasy, a wet dream come true.
As I knelt beside him, I could feel the heat radiating from his body. I inhaled the freshness of his body. I wrapped my hand around his waist and waited for the whistle to blow. As we wrestled, my hand made contact with every part of his sexy body. His firm, muscular legs; his muscular arms; his washboard stomach; and that phat, phat ass. I don't know when my dick started to rise. I flipped him on his stomach as my body came crashing on top of him. Leg against leg, chest against back. My dick against the crack of his ass. His gym shorts had worked their way into the crack of those two mounds of pleasure. And that's where my dick rested. Devonte tried to escape, but I had him pinned. The more he attempted to break free, the more he was grinding that perfect ass into my hardening dick.

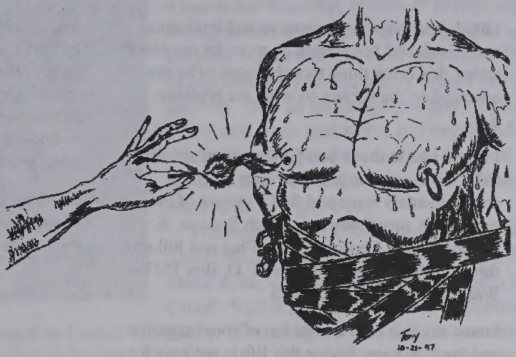
'Time!', yelled Coach Thomas, as he blew the whistle. I was a mountain of sweat, more from lusting after Devonte, than the physical exertion of the match. Lost in the moment, I stood up, not realizing what was about to happen. In my haste to get to school, I had left my jock home. This allowed my dick to hang freely in my shorts. Without a jock, the thin material of my gym shorts were no match for my hard tool. All eleven rockhard inches were obscenely displayed as it strained the confines of my shorts. To make matters worse, a wet spot had formed where my dick had leaked precum.
As I walked back to the bench, I was in another world. I was still thinking about Devonte and that ass. The remarks from my classmates, quickly brought me back to reality. 'Somebody's on the bone!' 'Hey Darrick, you better go home and get some pussy!' I tried to adjust myself, but it was too late. They taunted me for what seemed like hours. After class, I hid out in the bathroom until I thought everyone was gone. Since it was the last period, everyone was eager to go home. As I sat on the bench to get dressed, I bowed my head, still embarrassed from what had occurred. How could I face anybody, especially Devonte?

'You awright G?' The voice startled me. I hadn't noticed Devonte sit down beside me. I looked at him and feelings of lust and shame overtook me. I opened my mouth to say I was sorry, but he covered my lips with his finger, shaking his head no. His finger slowly traced my lips to my chin. He leaned forward and gently kissed me. I closed my eyes and passionately returned his kiss. Was this real or a dream? I was afraid to open my eyes for my answer. Instead I continued kissing him. Our tongues began a duel, as were swept away with lust. My arms reached out and held his body tight. He felt so good as my arms found the hard musculature of his back.

He broke the kiss and looked at me with his sexy bedroom eyes. 'I've wanted you for a long time Darrick. You don't know how many times I have fantasized about you. Ever since I knocked you down in junior high and saw your big dick, I've wanted you. Today when I felt that hard dick against my ass, I wanted to strip right there and let you fuck me silly. I knew then I had to have you.'
I couldn't believe it. I was pissed we had let all these years go by, when we each wanted the other. As I took in his words, he reached down and began to stroke the hardness in my shorts. He reached into the leg of my shorts and brought my dick into full view. The smile on his face let me know he was pleased with what he saw. He bent down and kissed the head of my dick. He tongued my dick from the head to the base. He pulled my shorts off and began to suck my balls. He was driving me wild. My dick was leaking precum, which was mixing with his saliva, making my dick slick and wet. He carefully put one of my balls in his mouth and sensuously rolled it around with his tongue. His tongue trailed along my ass crack and up my thighs. He continued toying with me. He bit the insides of my thighs and worked his way back to my dick. He engulfed my dick with his hot mouth and began to tease me with his tongue. His big juicy lips were doing their job, making me harder than I ever been. Devonte was sucking my dick like it was the last one on earth. He began to move his mouth up and down my shaft. Inch by inch he took me in. Then without warning, he took all eleven inches at once. I could feel my dickhead at the back of his throat.

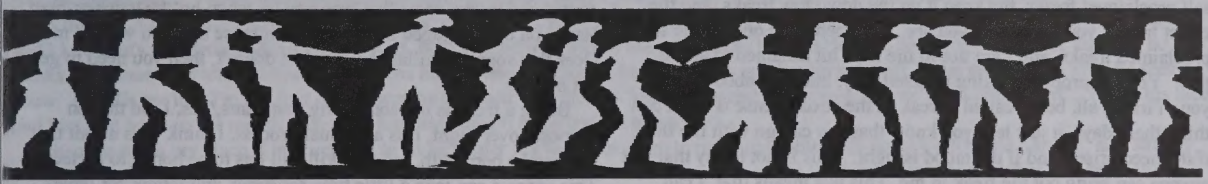
Devonte's mouth was made to suck dick. He did it with such passion, I could feel the nut building in my balls. He was taking me over the edge. As I moaned in ecstacy, the sensitive nerves in my dick responded to his expert lovemaking. He must have sensed I was close, because he took his mouth of off my dick. .. ***See Wrestling .....***

Disciplinary Action for a Common Thief



good humor-
a good idea so it's best you get some
a good rumor has it you're in store
for your daily lesson
naughty, naughty –
told you better but
you wouldn't quite listen
maybe next time you'll be
more inclined to pay attention
other than choosing brashness,
throwing caution to the wind
now that the gig is up
on who's kindness can you depend
apathy becomes the leather collar
snugged around your neck
satisfaction the leash
tugged to keep you in check
my most adorned prize
perfectly prim for my perusal
a pity my apparatus
takes no heed of your refusal
a thief of hearts on the mark –
now, babe, you know better
slip knots and locks
leave you contorted and fettered
seems that I must take this
matter into my own hands
much like the part of you
standing firmly at my command
across my knee, a trivial thing,
but I like the sound
as for its intoxicating rush
I have no other words to expound
naughty, precious baby –
could you imagine a fate as this
suture your sweet lips
to mine for another kiss

- Tony B. Robinson - Sept. 20, 1997



"Locusts"

by Fiona Valerie Lewis

"Is the world really coming to an end?"

Aya asked the question of no one in particular as she sat up in the middle of the large bed, turning her head to stare at the windows as if she could see through the heavy curtains to the chaos that the TV reporter described. The Bay Area's news honey, Nedda Stone, was quickly replaced by the shot of a man running into a 7-11 to escape a shower of chattering locusts and blinding rain. Nedda's voice continued:

"Many are referring to the unexpected appearance of the locust swarm as the Holy Rain – a sign that the world is indeed coming to an end. Back to you, Thad."

At the prompt, an attractive middle-aged man appeared on the screen. He tapped his pen against the news desk and managed to look worried.

"Thanks Nedda. Now let's go to the weather bureau for an update."

The thick comforter fell away from Aya's shoulders as she reached over to nudge the stirring lump beside her.

"Did you hear that?"

Maxine, her partner of nearly three years, blinked sleep-laden eyes at the television set. Less than a second later, she was wide awake, yawning and pulling at the covers. Her finely muscled brown body stretched and moved against Aya's softer one.

"Yeah. I heard the same thing yesterday too."

Maxine rolled over to her stomach and moved aside the curtains.

"It does look like the end of the world out there."

The rain was coming down in sheets, screaming down from the sky and bringing with it hordes of locusts. Some of the insects were dead, beaten into the dirt by pellets of water, but a few had escaped to their porch and were hopping around on the rattan chairs and sliding across the wet tiles to nest in the potted plants farthest from the downpour. Maxine flinched away from the window as a grasshopper's broken body slammed into the glass before her face and slid to the ground in a pulpy green and brown mess.

"How can you just lie there and be so calm?"

Aya trembled from her spot in the middle of the bed, forgetting for the moment that Maxine was always calm. Aya's voice lowered to a whisper.

"Shouldn't we call the police or something?"

The curtains fell into place as Max rolled back into her warm spot. She used the remote to turn off the television before snuggling down into the pillows.

"What can they do? Squash the bugs? I think we should just stay put and wait for the storm to die down. Afterwards, who knows?"

She slid her palm over Aya's foot. It was freezing.

"Come back under the covers. You'll feel better."

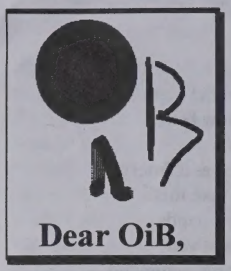
After a moment's hesitation Aya joined her. They lay spoon fashion, with Max gently stroking her lover's stomach and murmuring softly against her ear.

"Don't worry."

She kissed her shoulder.

"The house is locked up tight. Nothing's going to get in here."

Aya's trembling gradually lessened, then stopped altogether. She put her hand over Maxine's and closed her eyes. The two women lay in silence, listening to the steady growl of the wind and the slap of rain and tiny bodies against the roof.



Dear OiB,

Thanks for the response, and do keep up the good work -- we need more brothas like yourself. Thanks to OIB, I've started writing again. I started on my first poem since 1984. I'll share it with you once it's finished (or at least at a stage where it's worth sharing).Thanks so much for Out In Black!! I picked up my first copy in Raleigh two weeks ago, and I must say that I was impressed - finally, there is a form of literary expression especially for African-American gays in North Carolina. I look forward to future issues (you've found a subscriber in me). Last night, I had the chance to visit your web site, and found the photos very intriguing- Have a great evening, and as long as you keep up the good work, you'll have a reader in me. Later. Brotha to Brotha, *B. Greenville, NC*

I think your page is provacative and intelectual and I think that you should do more for our black nation this is the thing though I need to be more educated on the subject so write me braother. *S.D.*

I would like to thank you for the recent article in OIB. I was very surprised to open my complementary issue and find a picture of me. The article was very flattering. Much Success, *E. Kendall Beatty* Chocolate City Phat and full of flavor! http://www.brotha.com P.O. Box 15375 Washington, DC 20003-0375

I must say that I am a huge fan of your magazine and the web page. Living this life is not easy for a black male, and you publication has greatly insprired me. Keep up the good work, and I look forward to hearing from you soon. Thanks for your time. Sincerely, *Q. Rutledge*

I was checking out your web page and articles. They are really deep. I am real happy and proud that my fellow african american brothas are doing something positive. I would like to subscribe to your magazine. I am located in Miami, FL. and as you know we do not have anything righteous here. Thank you for your views and articles. *S. Lane*

Just found the site, very interesting I'm in Detroit, add me to mailing list, try to support your efforts, peace.... Jael

FREAK ME BABY!!! *By D. Demetri*

This is dedicated to all the "real Freaks" out there. This includes the self proclaimed freaks, the keep it on the down low freaks, and the closet freaks, you know who you are. I happen to be one of the self proclaimed freaks, and I am not in the least bit ashamed to admit this! You are probably asking yourself why, but I am about to tell you. First of all, being called a freak in the sexual sense is not a bad thing these days, it just let's you know that you can go with the flow, if the need arises, and if the mood is right. This is not to say that just anyone can bring out the freak in me. This just means that I can bring out the freak in you if you are man/woman enough to let the feeling flow for a few minutes. A true freak can take you to another world if he/she knows what they are doing. As for myself, I have learned a few tricks over the years, and I am not afraid to use them on the right, deserving person if need be, but I'm also sure there are a lot of things I have yet to learn.

It is not always about "fucking"! Anyone can fuck, well almost anyone, but it takes the right person to make love to your mind, body and soul at the same time! For instance, have you ever sat across the room from someone who caught your eye, and he/she made love to you with their eyes? Have you ever had someone to lay you down and lick you from head to toe, and in between, until you just wanted to scream? This is one of the signs of a true freak, or at least a freak in training. Yes, a lot of you are probably saying that this is you, and it probably is, but is that as far as you go with it? If it is, then cross your name off of the list. A real freak takes his/her time, and knows the right spots to hit every time, and even some of the spots that you considered wrong spots that turn you on when he/she touches them. Have you ever engaged in foreplay so intense that you wanted more? Does this sound familiar to you? If it doesn't, then you need to get out more.

Being a freak is not something that cums,(yes, I did that on purpose) over night, it is a gradual process. I think it is a trait that you can be born with, but the skill still has to be honed to perfection. This process can take a little time for some, and longer for others, and you can take that statement anyway you'd like! I know you are wondering why I sat down and actually wrote this, and this is the reason. We have all had experiences that tend to stay in our minds, and give us flashbacks every now and then. Those instances when just the thought of that one night, that weekend, or those years,(yes years), of kicking it with a true freak can make you long for more. You dream about it day and night, you get hot flashes just remembering it, you look forward to the next time, if there will be a next time. I guess what I'm really trying to say is, if you find a true freak, keep his/her number handy, because you'll never know when it might cum in handy. You will never know when you will need that boost to get your juices flowing, literally! Why do I say this? Let's just say that I have been to the mountain top and back, and it is covered in gold.....BLACK GOLD!!!!

Behind the Scene of a Kiss

by larryd fowler

your eyes met mine
we moved closer
are lips parted
slightly
your breath tickled
my moustage...

and we trembled
as I remembered
last summer
sweat dripping from
your chest
I wanted to wipe it
but
was afraid

and we trembled
as you remembered
last year
when I bent over
my ass peeking
over my Tommys
You wanted to touch me
but
was afraid

and we trembled
as we remembered
high-school
our bodies touched
after gym class
in the showers
we wanted to like it
but
were afraid

and we trembled
cause after 15 years
of erotic, freaky,
kinky, nasty desires
we were close
and finally
we were not afraid

and we trembled --1997

THE CLUB *by sherece taffe*

As I enter The Club I'm greeted by loud pumping Soca music. The air is thick with the smell of sex and my hormones begin to overtake my dyke senses. All around me is a sea of the beautiful bodies of pretty young gay men. They cause this dyke to harbor thoughts that might get me into trouble with the radical dykes who believe they are the keepers – guardians of dyke etiquette. If they knew that deep down I desire the bodies of gay men they would surely revoke my privileges. I long – yearn for a pretty little gay boy. Not an underage gay boy. The gay boy I refer to is a gay man that is little and pretty and fresh and sweet and eager and controllable. The gay boy I refer to is one whom I am bigger than so that I have all the power. So that I can corner him and demand that he bend over and then I can do him with a dildo the way I've always wanted to do a gay boy.

The boys in The Club assault the place in my mind where I keep these fantasies. The boys in The Club awaken the urges I protect. How do I, a conspicuously large black dyke, ogle gay boys without being noticed by the other dykes that populate The Club? Will it look suspicious if I approach one of the pretty boys to dance? These thoughts are running through my mind as I enter The Club. Then, without warning, the sweetest boy I have ever seen crosses my path. All thoughts of appearances leave my mind as I follow him to the bar. I catch the eye of the bartender and ask the boy what he's drinking. After the drinks arrive, I escort him to a quiet corner of The Club and proceed to slip him all of my best lines. While I'm chatting him up, I'm aware of the stares we are getting. This excites me. There are men around who seem to be wondering if I'm a man in drag or if I'm a straight woman in drag or if the two of us are role playing dykes. The attention that we are getting is putting me in a hell of a mood so I drag him onto the dance floor. As the music pulsates through my aching body I pull him closer and suggest that we leave The Club.

In the taxi, I push him away as he tries to kiss me. He tells me that he has never had sex before and this elates me. The driver watches and I know he's wondering what to make of us, but that doesn't concern me as much as the fact that I'm beginning to realize that this boy thinks I'm a man. He tells me that drag queens have always fascinated him. He tells me that he jacks off in the men's room after he sees a show. He tells me that I'm the first drag queen he has seen who dresses "down" instead of dressing up like a "Glamour Girl". I grab his face and kiss him hard on the mouth then push him away again as he tries to touch me.

When we reach my place, I instruct him to sit as I enter my bedroom. I go to my night-table, pull out my dildo and harness, and strap it on. Then I go and stand in front of him. He asks me to put the lights on so he can see me. I tell him where the switch is and as he walks towards it, I grab him from behind and push him over the couch so that his behind is up in the air facing me. He lets out a startled little squeal that gets my juices flowing. As I rip his pants from his butt, he tells me to slow down because this is his first time and he wants to savor it. I tell him to shut up and memorize the moment so he can savor it later. I tell him that he will keep quiet except to voice his pleasure. He nods his head and I ask him to nod in response to my future questions because I'm in charge now and if I hear his voice before it is orgasmic I will cease the festivities and send his ass home. To this he agrees and I proceed to put a condom on my dildo, gloves on my hands and lubrication on his waiting trembling eager ass and anus. This sensation alone causes him to moan with pleasure so I ask him if he likes how that feels....***See Club.....***

Liar

When I woke up, you were gone.

Hump. I expected as much.
Don't get me wrong –
you were wonderful
I must not have been – you're not here now.

As we tossed and turned all night –
clothes tossed aside
for a mere night's pleasure.

You only wanted to leave your mark –
to break me down – to wear me out;
I only wanted you to put away the ecstasy,
the pleasure of our fling
and taste my sadness – the fruit of the day after.

You thought our bodies merging would make you complete,
but now I know
for one's night passion and ecstasy
I lost my soul.
and never felt so EMPTY. *by Stan*

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Untitled #35

by larryd fowler

We can be boys
and homies and
amigos and
lovers
but
we gots to be
for real so
we can be whatever
we gonna be
forever

you can come to me
come with me and
come on me
but
don't come for me
unless you can
come for real

when you see me
on the street
give me a look
give me a pound
give me some luv
but
give me respect

what is is ours
is not about
my girl or
your girl
it is ours
between us
about us
for us

I need you
to be my boy
my homie and
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lover
but
I need you to
be for real
so we can be
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we can be
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Why black folk treat each other like dat?

Gentlemen, I greet you here on the banks of the James River in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve (1712). First, I want to thank you, the gentlemen of the colony of Virginia for bringing me here. I'm here to help you solve some of you problems with your slaves.

Your invitation reached me on my modest plantation in the West Indies, where I have experimented with some of the newest and still the oldest methods for control of slaves. Ancient Rome would envy us if my program is implemented. As our boat sailed South on the James River (named for our illustrious King whose version of the Bible we cherish), I saw enough of you to know that your problem is not unique. While Rome used chords of wood as crosses for standing human bodies along its old highways in great numbers, you are here using the same tree and rope on occasion.

I caught a whiff of a dead slave hanging from a tree a couple off miles back. You're not only losing valuable stock by hangings, you're having uprisings; slaves are running away; your crops are sometimes left in the field to long for maximum profit; you suffer occasional fires; and you animals are killed. Gentlemen, you know what your problems are. I do not need to elaborate. I'm not here to enumerate your problems; I'm here to introduce you to a method of solving them. In my bag here I have a fool-proof method for controlling your black slaves. I guarantee every one of you that, if installed correctly, it will control the slaves for at least three hundred years. My method is so simple any member of your family or your overseer can use it. I've outlined a number of differences amongst the slaves and I take these differences and make them bigger. I use fear, distrust and envy for control purposes. These methods have worked on my modest plantation in the West Indies and it will work throughout the South.

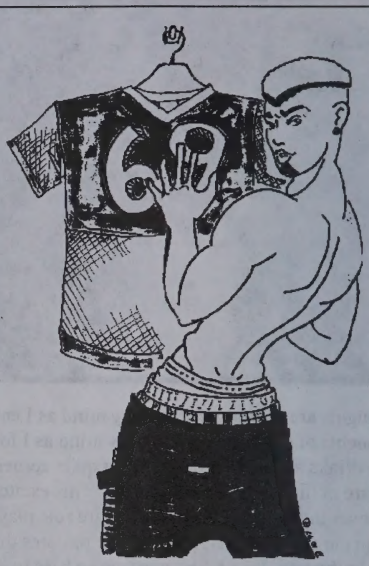
Take this simple little list of differences and think about them. At the top of my list is age, but it is there only because it begins with A. The second is color or shade. There is intelligence, size, sex, size of plantation, status of plantation, attitude of owners, whether the slave lives in the valley or on a hill, East, West, North, South, has fine or course hair, is tall or short.

Now that you have a list of the differences, I shall give you an outline of action. But before that, I shall assure you that distrust is stronger than trust; envy is stronger than adulation, respect or admiration. The black slave, after receiving this indoctrination, shall carry on and will become self-refueling and self-generating for hundreds of years, maybe thousands.

Don't forget, you must pit the old black versus the young black. You must use the dark-skin slave against the light-skin slave and the light-skin slave against the dark-skin slave. You must use the female against the male and the male against the female. You must also have your white servants and overseers distrust all blacks. But it is necessary that your slaves trust and depend on us. They must love, respect and trust only you.

Gentlemen, these kits are your keys of control. Use them! Have your wives and children use them. Never miss the opportunity. If used intensely for one year, the slaves will be under your control for generations to come. Thank you

***Editors Note**: This speech was delivered by a white slave owner named William Lynch on the banks of the James River. THE MESSAGE IS STILL CLEAR*



WHY ME???

I often ask myself
why god made me gay.
Because no one in their right mind
would choose to be this way.

Does he love me or hate me
or is this all just a game.
Why would anyone want
to be known by that name.

I sit and I wonder why
why it had to be me.
But the lord just answered back
and said my son can't you see.

I made everyone in my image
and yes this includes you.
I show you I love you everyday
what more can I do.

I feed you and I clothe you
and put a smile upon your face.
So why do you walk around in a daze
as if you are a disgrace.

I give you the breath of life
each and every day.
And when it's time to come
home and rest I take it all away.

So don't forget one thing
no matter what you do.
I didn't make you gay to shame you
I did it because I Love You!!!

By D. Demetri

PROVE TO THEM THAT YOU REALLY CARE→
HAVE SAFE SEX→ALWAYS→NO MATTER WHAT→O.K?→NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY→O.K?

Wrestling ..... My hard, wet dick hit my stomach hard, precum dripping down to my balls. He smiled and kissed me. I could taste my own dick juice. Devonte took off his clothes, displaying his tight muscular body. His hard eight inches stood at attention. I grabbed him by the back of his neck and put my tongue back in his mouth. I began to lick, bite and suck his neck. he gasped as I took his hard nipple in my mouth and sucked it. I pinched the other one and had him squirming with pleasure. I used my tongue to work that body.

As I reached his ass, I spread his hairy cheeks apart. I planted the wetness of my tongue in his fiery cavern. Nothing turned me on like the sight of a phat, hairy ass. My dick was throbbing in anticipation. Dude was gonna' bust that ass.

'Fuck me Darrick.' He didn't have to ask twice. Devonte's ass was built just the way I like 'em. Phat, round and hairy. Just looking at it had my mouth watering. I knew my dick was going to stretch his ass wide. I changed positions, so that I was on my back. I had him straddle me, that way he could control how much and how fast I entered. I was horny and would probably have rammed him full of dick in one stab. Devonte's ass was ready from all the rimming I had done. As he lowered his ass on my dick the wetness made the head pop in easily.

"Damn!", I cried. Devonte's ass was hot as shit. My dickhead felt like somebody had wrapped it in an electric blanket and turned the heat all the way up. He lowered himself until he had all eleven inches deep in his ass. Damn, dude took it all. Once it was in, he began to work that ass. Slow, fast, up, down and around, dude was workin' it. He bounced up and down, his hard dick joining him in unison. The sight of his bouncing dick was too inviting to pass up. I leaned forward and swallowed it whole. Devonte was bucking wildly as he was being serviced from both ends. He screamed out loud as the intensity of our lovemaking increased. I reached up and squeezed his nipples, continuing to pound his ass and suck his dick. Sweat poured from our bodies as I thrust my dick in and out of Devonte's hot ass. I was consumed with lust. This was the best fuck I had ever had.

I notice Devonte's breath getting shallow. His mouth was agape as he started making unintelligible noises. 'Baby, I'm CUMING!' At that moment Devonte started filling my mouth with his hot load of cum. The first blast hit the back of my throat. I released his dick as his cum began to explode all over my chest. As he came, he clenched his ass muscles, firmly gripping my hard dick. The tightness of his ass and the violent orgasm he was having, took me over the edge. I blew my load up his hot ass. I began to fill his love tunnel with my heavy load. I screamed as I pumped his ass full of my love juice. He was milking me dry, draining my balls of cum and my body of energy.

Devonte looked down and began to lick his cum from my chest. He looked at me with a devilish smile as his tongue played with my hard nipples. With my dick still up his ass, he leaned forward and began to kiss me again. I could taste the sweetness of his cum as our tongues continued the dance we had started earlier. He laid his head on my chest as I played with his cornrows.

'Darrick?'

"Yes."

'What happens now?'

"I don't know. But now that I've got you, I won't let you go."

'We'll have to keep in on the D.L.'

"I know."

' Darrick? Do you love me?'

I didn't answer. At least not with words. My hardening dick was speaking for me deep in his ass. He lifted his head and smiled as he started workin that ass again. Somehow I knew the best was yet to be.

Notice Me.....

I see you fairly often
sometimes you look and grin
but you continue to walk on
and I watch you till you're gone

I can always imagine your heavenly scent
I even almost touched your innocent skin
I pray that you will someday very soon
notice the feelings I have for you

As your aura stays on my mind
and I see you from time to time
I'll cherish those special moments
as you walk. and look and grin.

by Tony

AGENDA FOR BLACK PEOPLE IN THE LIFE...

by Tito Ben-Yisrael

Greetings my brothers and sisters. I acknowledge the divine in all of you. I would like to clearly express an agenda for black people *in the life,* to emotionally reclaim their lives. Growing up *in the life* is not a curse. Let us all come to an accord on that issue.

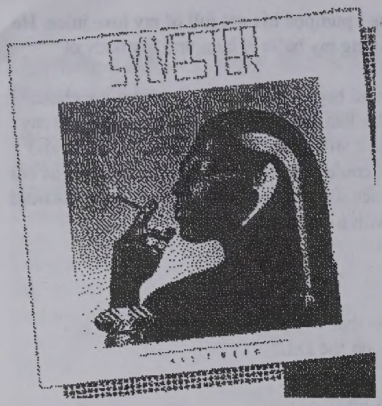
We have made great strides in our efforts to overcome homophobia in our society. We have challenged restrictive laws, formed organizations and created an alternative culture that celebrates and affirm our existence. We have also resisted the notion that "the difficulties confronted by people *in the life* are a direct result of their sexual orientation".

Low self-esteem, self-destructive behavior and trouble with intimacy stem from the past intense oppression we experience while growing up *in the life* in this society. These difficulties do not occur because of same sex attractions.

Coming of age in a homophobic society is very similar to growing up in an abusive family. Shame and self-blame are similar to the symptoms of abused children. Of the results of growing up in this type of environment, difficulty forming a positive self image which greatly effects a person's ability to find meaningful work and maintain intimate relationships as adults, is amongst many.

Far too often, we are vigilantly on guard for potential assault. Homophobia and abusive families both contribute to anxiety, depression and isolation. This is a primary reason why we see so many of our brothers and sisters struggling through self-destructive behavior and numerous addictions.

Working through these effects of abuse are fundamental in conquering internalized homophobia. As a community, we must look to each other for healing and council. We must learn to listen and love completely.



I've Danced with A Diva!

by John D. Hardy – Publisher

I can remember it as if it was yesterday. Now which yesterday is another thing. The crowd was dancing and yelling 'SYLVESTER, SYLVESTER, SYLVESTER!' The year was 1980, it was a hot summer in Atlanta, Ga. and I was a hot young thang, attending school at Clark College, which is now Clark Atlanta University (*Well, go on Miss Clark*). This was my first summer away from home, the pervious summer after High School graduation my mother forced me to stay home by cutting off the "duckets." But this summer was different, "duckets" or not I was staying in Atlanta. You see, I had the *Atlanta Fever.* You know that, *Oh!, my God! All these fine Black Gay Men* feeling one gets after that first visit to Atlanta!

Well, Chile I had it bad. Grant it, I was in Atlanta the entire school year but honey, I couldn't work it like I wanted to. However, this was summer and I didn't have any responsibilities, or even a job. If it wasn't for my GG's (Good Girlfriends), *Miss G* (Jerome) and *Miss Ray-Ray (*Raphaul); they were Morehouse Girls, I would not have survived that summer. Chile, the three of us setup camp that summer, *G* was the mother and *Ray-Ray* and I were fast ass, little_____. Honey, *Miss G* truly showed us how to live life that summer and we lived and we lived and we lived.

It was a summer that I'll never forget. It was my *Official Coming Out Performance,* with the Atlanta's sky line as the back drop and Peachtree Street as my stage. Oh!, what a fabulous show it was!

I remember it was on a Sunday and that meant *T Dance.* But where? Backstreets (No, they did the 3 or more ID thang), Numbers, Bulldogs? No, none of these would do! You see, *Miss G* said "Miss Sylvester will be performing at the Lime Light. That's where we are going and I don't want to here any shit about it." Well, when mother speaks! So off to the Lime Light we went! This was a fierce club, it had laser lights and a sound system of life. The light fixtures, would slowly drop from the ceiling to the floor and rise again, the music was kick'n and to top it all off there was a glass dance floor. Underneath it was a huge tank of water with men and women swimming around dressed as mermaids – *fish under glass*. I was this little country boy from Tampa, Florida and had never experienced such things. That was when clubs gave you atmosphere! I feel sorry for you young kids who missed that era because all the clubs give you now is a warehouse with music and you must provide your own atmosphere!

As the music stopped, the people rushed towards the stage for that perfect spot. You know that spot, the one that's never turns out as perfect as it seems when you first scope it. *Miss Ray-Ray* and I were about to join the crowd in the mad dash. When *Miss G* grabbed us and said "Let those fools go head on, after they stop all that damn pushing we will slip up to the stage between the speakers on the right." He was DA MAMA!

As we slid between the speakers and zigzagged our way to the stage(just as mother said we would), the music intro. began. It was *You Make Me Feel(Mighty Real),* then the lights went out, music stopped and the crowd went wild with anticipation. Then the spot lights lit up the stage there stood Miss Sylvester and two of the biggest women that I had ever seen on one stage. It was *Two Tons of Fun,* "Miss Martha and Miss Izorra" as Sylvester called them. Their first song was *You Are My Friend,* need I say more! After those girls pissed out that song I was hooked. The next song was *Lover Man* then a medley *Could It Be Magic* and *A Song For You.* We would never know what song they were going to perform next because they fucked up Miss Thing's taped music. She was out done with that and read the DJ, the club manager, said "I am outta here," threw down the mic then exited stage right (Honey, the crowed was threw). As I looked at *G*, with my mouth wide open from shock. He laughed, gave Miss Thang a snap and an "all right Girl." Then looked at me and said "She's A Diva." I turned to get *Ray-Ray's* reaction and all he could say was "Lets Follow Her." So we followed Sylvester and his entourage to a gay club called "McGregor's." It was THE hot spot for Blacks and was located where Peachtree St. and West Peachtree St. joined, just north of Midtown. After parking at McGregor's, mother took control again, stating that his funds were low and he was not going to "Pay another cover see Miss Sylvester again, unless totally necessary", *Ray-Ray* and I followed his lead like ducklings following their mother.

The next thing I knew, we are going through the club doors as a part of Sylvester's entourage. Oh!, what points for *G*, she truly pissed for that one! So once in the club it's every gal for himself. *Ray-Ray* got "pushed up" with some boy before we got through the door good. She had it going on like that! *G* and I made it to our favorite spot, the bar and got drinks. Miss Sylvester and his crew were on the dance floor and the crowd was a buzz with the her surprise visit. I left G at the bar, made my way to the dance floor and danced with Miss Sylvester and her crew. After dancing I rushed back to *G*, who was still at the bar and said **"I've Danced With A Diva."** He looked at me, laughed and said "Chile, You So Crazy!".

G is no longer with us, that Mother Fuck'n AIDS got her about seven years later. It also got Miss Sylvester a few years after *G*, and only *Ray-Ray* and I left to remember that summer. They may be gone but the effect they had on my life, still helps me deal with this day to day bullshit. All I need to do is relax, take a deep breath and close my eyes. And I can still see *Miss G* cock-tailing and hear him spilling out unsolicited advice as Sylvester's music plays in the back ground. And I'm there again! Who says, you can't go home again?

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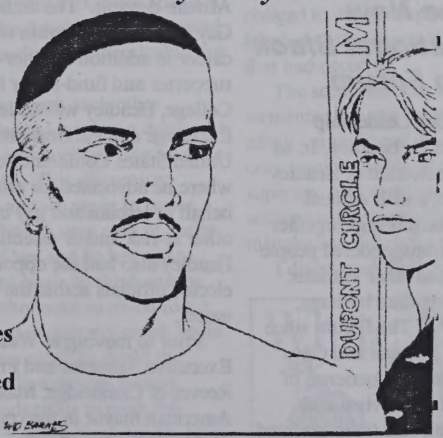

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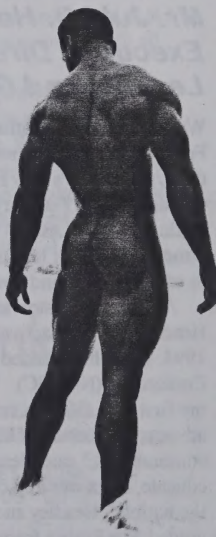

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Cedar Chest: Social Club for Women of Afrikan descent who love women. PO Box 61991, Durham NC 27715.

B-ME: Black Gays, Lesbians, Bisexual, Positive Image Exchange. Mr. Earnest Crawford, Jr. PO Box 48065 Cumberland, NC 28331 (910) 868-6883.

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Sisters In Session: Meets the 1st Sunday of each month at all about EVE's in Durham, NC. (910) 378-9919.

Brothers of Umoja: 5220 Ruth Dr., Charlotte, NC 28215

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